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JUNE 1929

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## ARTHUR CEDERHOLM, "GUS"

Classical Course

*"All wisdom's armor this man could wield."*

Arthur and Frank have seemingly increased their vocabulary. Art is often heard sputtering in the English Class, but Frank is heard only in private.

Class Basketball (1), Captain (2), Abhis Board, Varsity Basketball (3) (4), Football (2), Chairman of Class Committees, Class Play (4), Athletic Club, Baseball (2) (3), Class President, Science Club, V. Pres. (3) English Club (2).

## HELEN GALLAGHER

Classical Course

*"Not by years but by disposition is wisdom acquired."*

Helen has brought much honor to our class and to the school by her skill in typewriting. She holds a state championship.

Vice President English Club (1) (2), Vice President Class, Honor Roll, Basketball (4), Tennis (3), Class Play Committee (4), Class Play Cast (4), Glee Club (4), Girl's Club, Literary Club (4), Abhis Board (3), Commercial Club (3), Forum (1), County Shorthand Contest (4), State Typing Contest (4), Baseball (2).

VIRGINIA COLTON, "BABE", "GINIA", "GIN",  
"VIRGIE"

English Course

*"Sweets to the sweet: farewell."*

We all hope that Virginia uses those eyes to good advantage.

English Club (1) (2), Abhis Board (2) (4), Athletic Association, English Club, Abhis Committee, Class Play Cast (4), Commercial Club (3) (4), Senior Reception Committee (4), Girls' Club (3), Forum (1), Secretary-Treasurer of Class, Literary Club (3), Senior Dance Committee (4).

## BEATRICE BAILEY, "BEANY"

English Course

*"Life is a beautiful dream."*

We hear that Beatrice gets most of her exercise just before 8 o'clock every morning.

Commercial Club (3) (4), Glee Club (4), Science Club (1) (2), English Club (1) (2).

## JOSEPH CALLEB BELCHER, "JOE"

English Course

*"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!"*

Joe is our school's milkman. That is why he gets here so early every morning. Or is there some other reason?

Basketball (1), Football (1), Baseball (2) (3), Commercial Club (4).

## ELEANOR BLAKE, "BLAKIE"

Commercial Course

*"Argument for a week, laughter for a month, and good jest for all time."*

It must be admitted that Eleanor has a very pleasant out-look upon life. We wonder how she would look without a smile.

English Club (1) (2), Forum (1), Commercial Club (3) (4), Literary Club (4).

## BEATRICE BLANCHARD, "BEE"

Commercial Course

*"Silence more musical than any song."*

Beatrice is rather quiet. Maybe she is bashful, but we're glad to have her with us.

Commercial Club (3) (4), English Club (1), Science Club (1) (2), Glee Club (4).



ELIAS FRANKLIN BLANCHARD, "FRANK"  
Commercial Course  
*"Deeds not words."*

Franklin is another quiet member of our class. We respect his silence. Much success.

Commercial Club (3) (4), Science Club (1), English Club (1) (2).

ALICE BRENNER, "AL", "ABIE" Commercial Course  
*"Have you not heard it said full oft  
A woman's nay doth stand for naught?"*

We wonder if Alice spends time thinking of questions to ask in History.

Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4), Commercial Club (3) (4), English Club (1) (2), Literary Club (4), Science Club (1) (2), Girls' Club (3), Class Play, Honor Pupil, Forum (1), Athletic Club (4), Shorthand Contest (3).

GERTRUDE CLARK, "GERT" Commercial Course  
*"The noblest mind the best contentment has."*

Gertrude is one of those girls who insist on accuracy.

English Club (1) (2), Commercial Club (3) (4), Abhis Board, Glee Club (4), Science Club (1) (2).

MILTON COLCLOUGH, "MILT", "HAL"  
Classical Course

*"A Corinthian? A lad of mettle? A good boy."*

Although Milton is quiet in school, we believe that he will have something to say in Pharmacy, which he intends to study.

Class Basketball (1), Science Club (1), Usher Senior Play, English Club (1) (2), Athletic Association.

CLARICE CROSSMAN, "CLAIRE" Commercial Course  
*"The mirror of all courtesy."*

Clarice has a laugh which shows her good nature.

English Club (1) (2), Commercial Club (3) (4), Glee Club (3), Science Club (1) (2).

EVA DAVIS, "TEASER" Commercial Course  
*"She never told her love."*

Eva has aspirations to be a stenographer, and we wish her luck.

Science Club (1) (2), Girl's Club (3), English Club (1) (2), Glee Club (3).

EVELYN DAVIS, "EV" Commercial Course  
*"She speaks poniards and every word stabs."*

Evelyn is our own original vamp.

English Club (1) (2), Commercial Club (3) (4), Senior Reception Committee, Girl's Club, Forum (1), Sec.-English Club (1), Class Play Cast (4).





JOHN DOMBROWSKI, "JOHNNIE" Commercial Course  
*"He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose."*

Perhaps Johnnie tries by absence to make the hearts of teachers grow fonder.

DOROTHY WAITSTILL FREEMAN, "WAITIE"  
 Commercial Course  
*"The soul's calm sunshine and heartfelt joy."*

Waitstill is one of our star typists. She certainly earned her award in the Contest.

English Club (1) (2), Forum (1), Girl's Club (3), Glee Club (3) (4), Commercial Club (3) (4), County Type Contest (4), State Type Contest (4).

MARGARET THELMA GERVAIS, "MARDIE"  
 Classical Course  
*"Honor lies in honest toil."*

Margaret is our class artist, and we wish her luck at art school.

English Club (1) (2), Honor Roll (1), Class Play, Glee Club (3), Girl's Club (3), Literary Club, Abhis Board (4), Commercial Club (3), Honor Roll (1) (2) (3) (4), Forum (1).

DORIS HICKEY, "DOT" Commercial Course  
*"Ah, that such fleet things should be so sweet, and such sweet things so fleet."*

Doris is certainly a lively member of our class, and we couldn't have done without her.

English Club (1) (2), Commercial Club (3) (4), Science Club (1) (2), Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4), Girl's Club (3), Glee Club (3).

STEPHANIA MARY JURGIELEWICZ, "STEFF"  
 Classical Course  
*"Her friends, there are many,  
 Her foes—are there any?"*

Stephania has a reputation for working hard and getting what she wants.

English Club (1) (2), Orchestra, Forum, Science Club, Honor Roll.

THOMAS HENRY LATHAM, "TOMMY", "HARRY"  
 English Course

*"One, two, three, cavort. One, two, three, swish, swish."*  
 We shall always remember Harry as the doting father in our class play.

Basketball (3), Manager Basketball (4), Tennis (3), Football (4), Commercial Club (4), Class Play, Graduation Committee (4).

DORIS ELLEN LYNDE, "DOT", "BLONDIE"  
 Commercial Course  
*"There are strings in the human heart which must never be sounded by another."*

We predict a wonderful movie career for "Dot" and her acting.

English Club (1) (2), Vice President English Club (1), Shorthand Contest (County) (3), Typewriting Contest (4), State Contest (3), Editorial Board of Abhis (4), Science Club (1) (2), Athletic Association (1) (2) (3) (4), Class Play Cast, Commercial Club (3) (4), Senior Reception Committee (4), Honor Roll, Girl's Club (3), Forum (1), Literary Club (4).



MALCOLM MACDONALD, "MAC" Commercial Course  
*"Here's the rule for bargaining: Do other men, for they would do you."*

"Mac" is our very successful business manager.

Class Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4), Baseball (1) (2) (3) (4), Captain Baseball (4), Abhis Board (4), Class Play (4), Class Play Committee (4), Commercial Club (3) (4), Hockey (4), Class Prophecy (4).

IRENE MAKI, "RENE" Classical Course  
*"When you do dance I wish you might ever do nothing but that."*

Irene is our valedictorian and will say farewell to Abington High School for us.

Basketball (2), English Club (1) (2) (3) (4), President (2), Secretary English Club (3), Glee Club (4), Forum (1), Girl's Club (3), Science Club (4), Honor Roll (1) (2) (3) (4), Valedictorian, Honor Member Abington Woman's Club.

WALTER MELEWSKI, "WALT", "CHUCKIE" Commercial Course  
*"Brevity is the soul of wit."*

Chuckie is our only worldly and experienced senior.

Football (2) (3), Basketball (3) (4), Baseball (1).

BARBARA PACKARD, "BOB", "BARB" Classical Course

*"If music be the food of love, play on."*

Barbara is our star pianist. Her help in music will be long remembered.

English Club (1) (2), English Club Treasurer (2), Forum (1), "Tennis" (3), Orchestra (2) (3), Glee Club (3) (4), Class Basketball (2), Science Club, Literary Club, Lunch Counter (4), Cup Winner at Typwriting Contest.

KATHERINE PATKOWSKI, "KATIE" Commercial Course

*"Where the brook is calm, the water runs deep."*

We all think Katie would make a good waitress.

Science Club (1), English Club (1) (2) (3), Honor Roll, Basketball (2) (3), Typewriting Contest (3) (4), Commercial Club (3) (4), Girl's Club (3), Lunch Counter (4).

FRANK PIECKOWSKI, "FRA" Classical Course  
*"That man needs neither towers nor armor for defence."*

No doubt Frank will try to crash the Hollywood studios after his experience as a movie director in the Class Play.

Football (2) (3) (4), Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4), English Club (1) (2), Science Club (3) (4), Class Play, Class Will.

JOSEPH PIECKOWSKI, "JOE" Scientific Course  
*"Happy is he born and taught."*

Joe is our basketball captain and a good one at that.

Football (2) (3), Baseball (2) (3) (4), Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4), Tennis (2) (3), Abhis Board (1) (4), English Club (2), Senior Dance Committee (4), Tennis, Class Play Committee (4).





HELEN LOUISE RICHARDSON Commercial  
*"She nothing common did or mean."*

We wonder what the attraction is for Helen in Norwell.

Science Club (1) (2), Forum (1), Girl's Club (3), Glee Club (4), Commercial Club (3) (4).



LEROY RUSSELL, "PEPSHOT", "LE" Scientific  
*"Studious of ease, and fond of humble things."*

Leroy's interest is enveloped in Whitman girls. What is the trouble with our Abington co-eds?

Forum (1), Basketball (1), Science Club (1) (2), Baseball (3), English Club (1).



GERALDINE SWEENEY, "GERRY" English Course  
*"There is a garden in her face where roses and white lilies blow."*

We see that Gerry is well chaperoned to school each morning. We miss her since she moved to Brockton.

English Club (2), Science Club (3), Pins and Rings Committee (3), Christmas Play (3) (4), Abhis Board (3) (4), Editor-in-Chief (4), Glee Club (4), Literary Club (4), Honor Roll.



ALPHONSE STANLEY TRIBOU, "IFI" Scientific Course  
*"What a piece of work is a man."*

"If" showed us what a stage-manager should do at the Class Play. His job was hard and his result was more than commendable.

Class Basketball (1) (2), Basketball (3), Track (1) (4), Class Play Stage Manager (4), Science Club (4).



NELMA MARGARET WESSER, "NELLIE" Commercial Course  
*"Love sought is good, but given unsought is better."*

Nellis is wasting her time here; she should be in Ziegfeld's Follies.

Literary Club (4), Girl's Club (4), Forum (1), Editorial Board (3), English Club (1) (2), Commercial Club (3) (4).



PHYLLIS ERMINA WOODBURY, "PHIL", "TILLIE" Classical Course  
*"Gentlemen prefer blondes—but marry brunettes."*

Phyllis proves that the best of athletes can also be the best of students.

Class Basketball (1) (2) (3) (4), Varsity Basketball Capt. (4), Tennis (4), Baseball (2) (3) (4), Field Hockey (3), President English Club (2), Vice President Forum (1), Science Club (4), Commercial Club (4), Literary Club (4), Class Play Cast (4), Salutatory (4), G. A. C. (4), Glee Club (4), Abhis Board (2), Girls' Club (3), County Shorthand Contest (4), Honor Member Abington Woman's Club.



ALFRED WARREN WRIGHT, "AL" Scientific Course  
*"No legacy is so rich as honesty."*

Al came to us from the wilds of Canada last year, but from his actions and manners one might think he came from Paris.

Football (3) (4), Baseball (3), Arnold Trophy (3), Class Play (4), Hockey (4), Senior Dance Committee (4), Graduation Committee (4), Honor Student, Science Club (4), Lunch Counter (4), Hi-Y Club (4), Class Historian.



## FINNVILLE

(A bit of local history)

*Irene Maki, '29*

APPROXIMATELY eighteen years ago, a man named Baker was auctioning land off on Plymouth street. This large area of land was on the right side of Plymouth street as one comes from the center of Abington. The land had suffered a wood fire, and therefore was free from brush, but decidedly not from rocks. It was divided into lots, and the streets were marked out. Pilgrim street shot off about two hundred fifty feet from the corner of Centre and Plymouth streets and going towards North Abington. Parallel to Pilgrim street, and about two hundred fifty feet in between, branched off Mayflower street. Both Pilgrim and Mayflower streets ran about nine hundred fifty feet in length and then are connected by Bradford street, which begins at the end of Mayflower street and goes straight to Centre street, which is the road from the center of Abington to Rockland. I sometimes wonder why such historical names as these, Plymouth, Pilgrim, Mayflower, and Bradford, were given to these streets.

As most young couples want a home for themselves, Mr. Mehtala was at the auction to buy some land for himself. As it happened, Mr. Mehtala bought two lots on Pilgrim street. These two lots were the fourth and fifth lots on the left hand side of the trip as one faces it from Plymouth street.

When Mr. Mehtala had purchased the lots, he did not desire to come to build and live alone, for the place was practically a wilderness for there were only a few houses on Plymouth street and the whereabouts at that time. Mr. Mehtala, who was a Finn, lived in Brockton where, at that time, lived a great many other Finnish people. He had to do no urging because another newly married couple by the name of Maki also desired to build a homestead for themselves. Consequently, Mr. Maki bought one lot, which was the fifth on the left side of Pilgrim street, from Mr. Mehtala.

About a month after the auction, these two pioneers came to survey their lots to prepare to build. The very first thing they did was to dig a well. This well was

supposed to be on the boundary connecting their lots. As it happened, their measurements were not very accurate, and the well was dug wholly on Mr. Maki's land. Then each set about to build a camp for himself. These camps were to be temporary only, i. e., until the men could afford to build a larger home. The camp that Mr. Mehtala built for his wife and three children was a very small structure, twelve by twenty feet. Mr. Maki's camp for his wife and child was identically the same.

During the process of building the camps, Mr. Maki and his family lived with a Finnish family by the name of Jarvinen, who lived on Bradford street, at the end of Mayflower street. I do not know when this latter family moved and built their two-story house there. Nevertheless, it was at the Jarvinen home that a daughter Irene was born to the Makis. The Mehtalas continued to live in Brockton for the while.

When finally the Makis and Mehtalas moved to Abington, these two families had to suffer much hardship during their first years on Pilgrim street. In the first place, they did not have a decent road. It was merely a foot path. They had no modern improvements whatever. The winters were cold. Money was scarce. What they got from the low wages at that time had to be put toward the building, warmth, and food. No luxuries whatever were possible.

As these two families slowly progressed, other families came to try their hand at the same thing. In 1912, Mr. Leaf with his wife came and settled on Bradford street at the end of Pilgrim street. He built a camp ten by nineteen feet. In 1913 came the Newbergs, who bought the last three lots on the left side of Pilgrim street. They did not build a camp as had the earlier residents but lived in a tenement on Centre street. They commenced to build a large house immediately, even though it had to be done slowly because of low funds. They had three children. In 1917, Mr. Wuotila with his wife and son moved, with his house, which was a two-story structure of four rooms, onto the seventh lot on the left side of Pilgrim street, in between the lands of Mr. Newberg and Mr. Maki. Now there were and still are, in 1929,

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six houses. The camps of Mr. Maki, Mr. Mehtala, and Mr. Leaf are no more, for houses are in their places.

After Mr. Mehtala had lived for two years in his camp, he became weary of that life and moved away. But not so with Mr. Maki and his family. He saved the best he could with his wife's help, and in 1917, he had a two-story structure of six rooms, bath room, and sun parlor. All of it was his own work. After some moving around, Mr. Mehtala came back and built a bungalow of four rooms for his increased family, which now consisted of four children, two sons and two daughters.

As soon as the houses were built, the people began to crave for modern improvements. In 1921 came electricity in their homes. The town would not have given the electricity if the Finnish men had not consented themselves to dig the holes for the poles. This was because the town thought it would cost too much. But the men divided the work among them, and within a week had nine holes dug, ready for the electric light poles. In 1925 came town water. This was a great relief to those who had had to strain their backs and arms in pulling water from the well and carrying it into the house. Up to this time the water was drawn from the well by means of a pail tied on the end of a long pole. The water was then poured into the vessel which one carried into the house. Well water is very refreshing, but it is hard to fetch it from the well. In 1926 a telephone was put in Mr. Mehtala's house, and in 1928 one was put in for the Makis. In 1928, gas was offered but declined almost unanimously. In 1929, one street light was secured and was placed opposite the Maki house. In 1929, a petition was made for the delivering of mail to the houses, instead of continuing to have it placed in the mail boxes at the end of the road which is nearest Plymouth street. Although the petition was granted, as yet, the postman has not commenced to carry the mail to the houses.

The road, Pilgrim street, became worse and worse year after year. Talk about mud! Finally in 1922, the first loads of sand were brought by the town. The sidewalk was made which was used as a road for automobiles also. In 1928, a road for Pilgrim street was marked off anew, and the brush was cleaned from it. Also, the sidewalk was again prepared and made wider. Usually a sidewalk follows the

building of a road, but on Pilgrim street it had been just the opposite.

The camps had various uses after the homesteads were built. Mr. Mehtala and Mr. Leaf remodeled theirs into auto barns. Mr. Maki repaired his, and with the addition of five rooms and a sun parlor had a modern house. He built a garage anew.

It was the children of the above mentioned families who gave the name of Finnville to Pilgrim and Bradford streets. About five or six years ago, we all used to play all kinds of games together, such as jump-the-rope, hiding-go-seek, baseball, racing, high jumping, etc. We used to gather before Mr. Maki's house because that section of land was the highest, and therefore, drier. Also it was *sans bush*. Occasionally we used to play beside Mr. Leaf's house on Bradford street. There we had the advantage of a large rock that served us as a goal for many games. Also, there were better hiding places for hide-and-go-seek.

Moreover in summer, we girls used to join the boys in potato baking. Now we look with disgust at such a thing as eating those baked potatoes of ours, but then we thought they were delicious. When the time came for flying kites, the girls were tomboys again. Once, Tuovi Mehtala and I went into a grove of pines opposite my house. We discovered a blue bird's nest. We desired very much to have a little bird. After a hard struggle climbing the high pine, for the nest was near the top, and watching fearfully at the same time for the mother bird lest she should come and prevent us from getting one of her little ones, we got the bird and brought it home. We secured from somewhere, I just now cannot recall from where, a bird cage. Then we set about to feed the bird. Always and forever, the bird kept its mouth open. We tried to feed it worms, but all in vain. At length we gave up and took it back to its nest because we saw it refused to be taken care of by us.

During Easter time, we used to take eggs, paint them, and then hide them in the woods. Sometimes, we dared not tell our parents about these eggs because we wasted so many. Once while hiding one behind a rock, a large snake sizzled before our eyes. It wriggled and was disturbed because we had placed our egg on its coils. The only thing I can remember is that I ran for my life and never hid an Easter egg again.

At another time, all of us, held a play.

Continued on Page 28

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## WHAT IT MEANS TO BE THE ONLY GIRL

Geraldine Sweeney, '29



WHEN my childhood associates learned that I was an only child, they were willing to give me the exalted position of being the teacher when we played school; but when they also learned that I was the only girl in a whole family of boy cousins, then they looked up to me in awe. Six aunts and I was the only niece. Six aunts! That was a fact that could never be forgotten. So I became queen in the neighborhood of noisy little hoodlums who used to love to climb trees, much to the chagrin of their parents, who used to see them hanging from a topmost branch clinging to the limb with one hand. Yes, even a queen was guilty of this weakness—the love of tree-climbing.

Truly, it was wonderful to have so many aunts, they were so thoughtful and loving to me. As I grow older they become more and more wonderful in my eyes. Perhaps it is because now I realize their real value and worth.

But to get back to the days when my kingdom was flourishing. A queen might exercise her power upon her playmates, but strange to say, her family never paid any attention to their royal daughter, and every night the “queen” was tucked in bed at seven o'clock, and even though it *was* daylight saving, she could not even stay out one minute longer than usual.

Being an only child, and having no play-mates until I was six years old, I was quite used to having only my dolls and my aunts for companions. How I loved to have my aunts visit me! Always they brought me something nice in their black leather bags. Sometimes they would bring me play-toys. Sometimes they would bring a book, for they knew that I liked books better than anything else. But aunts or no aunts, I was put in bed early, and needless to say, I would awaken with the dawn. Then, carrying the precious book I would steal into my aunts' room and say, “Read to me”. My poor aunts who most likely had gossiped half the night away, and there was I, at five o'clock in the morning waking them up and saying, “Read to me”. And they did! All about the three bears and Dolly Dimple. That was where my love for reading had its beginning.

But to jump to more recent times. All through my grammar school days my aunts bought my clothes and gave me spending money, all this besides what my parents gave me. Why I wasn't spoiled beyond reason I don't know. Perhaps that is the matter with me now—I never know what I want. Finally I graduated from grammar school. And then . . .

“I must take the Classical Course” said one.

“The Commercial Course is the best,” said another.

And so for days the feud continued, and I—I, the principal character in this drama of life, stood silently by, hoping that the gods of yore would hear my prayers and softly bear me aid. They did, for I finally took the course which I liked best. So ended another chapter.

For a while things were peaceful—more than that—there was actual tranquility in the air, also the dreaded calm before the storm.

Then came the spring (we had springs then), and I had to have a new party frock. My first evening gown! Well, everyone had a mutual liking for taffeta, myself included. Just what style I wanted I hadn't definitely decided, but I thought that I would like something slinky—to make me look tall. However, my family had different opinions. One said that I was to have ruffles. Now, if there is anything which I despise, it is ruffles. With murder in my heart and a smile on my face I endured the suggestion. Another said that flounces would be cute—I was *so* dainty. Weakly I began to protest, I wanted something with a long, tight-fitting bodice and a sweeping skirt, but when I realized that the dress was to be a gift, I acquired the traits of the “Spectator”. The question was settled by my Aunt Gertrude who declared in a vehement voice that “she was going with me when I bought the dress”. That ended that! I would have ruffles, and I did so want to be sophisticated! But all in all, the dress was very pretty, so I really should not complain.

Not only my dresses, but also my shoes are a great concern to my Aunt Gertrude who always accompanies me when I buy my foot-wear. I prefer shoes for comfort, she prefers them for style. So to school I wear sport shoes, and to church I wear stilts. What could be better?

Of all my aunts one alone had never played the role of Dictator, and I felt sure that she never would. Aunt Letitia always thought everything was as it should be, and refrained from comment. However, one afternoon last summer I was reading when she came into the room and asked me the name of the book. It happened to be a somewhat popular novel by a writer of some repute. It wasn't *Bad Girl*, by Vina Delma, was it? If it was I was to rush it right back down town. No, she hadn't read it, but someone told her that it was—well, not very nice.

Another Mussolini on the field! If it wasn't fit to read I wanted to read it, but so far I haven't had the nerve to get the book from the library. Do not think that my reading material is censored. It is not. I am usually free to read any type of book that I wish, but my own common sense tells me not to read trash.

There is one problem—and it's growing to be a big one—that continually comes bobbing up before me, and that is where I shall go for amusement. I enjoy moving pictures very much, and mother lets me go quite often, but some of my aunts think that I go too often. Once in a while it is all right, but more than once a week is too much. Aunt Gertrude always takes me out to dinner Friday night, and then takes me to a show afterward. I love to go with Aunt Gertrude, for I always have such a wonderful time. Sometimes on Saturday, friends from school will ask me to go to a show with them, so again I see Clara Bow and her famous "It." Really, I have no way of telling if shows are harming me, but so far, no one has been any startling effects or peculiar behavior on my part.

Nor is it only my shows that are censored. When I was very small my mother sent me to dancing school. I grew up to love dancing, and I always looked forward to the time when I could attend dances. But now, when I am older, what happened? I am told in no uncertain tone of voice that I may not attend public dances, now or at any future time. Now, really, I do not believe that girls who go to public dances are common, for I know some very nice girls who attend just such functions. I can't see where they are coming to harm. Any high school affair is judged the proper atmosphere for me. But why can't I go out like other girls and have a good time? I'm tired of being called a "nice girl", I do so want to be called "wild" just once. Oh, I know that I do not look the part, but I think it could be

managed somehow; perhaps I had better begin by smoking cigarettes, providing my family doesn't see me practicing.

If I cannot go to dances and a few movies, what can I do for a diversion? I had an idea that I might enjoy horse-back riding until my Aunt Gertrude remarked rather sarcastically, I thought, that I should have to hire a pony. Somehow, after that I didn't care to go cantering or otherwise. Perhaps something will come up later that I can do. Just now that "something" seems mighty nebulous.

The very latest problem is one which seriously affects my life more personally, inasmuch as it has to do with my hair. You might think this a silly thing to wrangle over, but my Aunt Gertrude insists that I let my hair grow! Horrors! Mother doesn't like it, and I surely do not like to curl my hair every morning, for it means that I swallow my food whole, then run to catch the trolley-car. I have been promised a permanent wave as a bribe to allow the tips of my hair to show beneath the back of my hat. I know that I'll never be able to stand a large barret at the back of my head, as I have never had long hair. I do not know what to do. I guess that I'll have a permanent wave and then cut my hair!

Now will you believe those who say that being an only child is a blessing? You see it isn't, really. In short, it means being pampered and made a fuss over, being unable to go out and to do what you wish, being told what you should wear, and even with whom you shall associate. Do not think that I am ungrateful to my aunts, for I love them dearly. They just do not realize that I am no longer a child, and that I am entitled to the privileges of a young girl. When I ought to be out having a good time, I am kept in the house, for no good reason at all, as far as I can see. However, I realize that I am still a baby in their eyes, and I am trying hard to make them proud of me.

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Nash (in French class): Il a mal a la tête—He is bad in the head.

Matilla (in French class): Mardi il va au mariage de son cousin—Tuesday he is going to the marriage of his son's cousin.

---

Miss Johnson—Were there any animals in the house when it burned?

Miss Clark—No, my father was out in the garage.



## A MESSAGE FROM AFRICA

Gale Lees, '31



HE group leaned forward. Mr. Abraham Lincoln Cohen, Birmingham's foremost banker, was about to try his new Superaudible Triplex. It contained three tubes and would do service either as a one, two or three tubes receiver. It was in the late autumn of 1921, when broadcasting was in its infancy and a set of more than three tubes did not exist. Indeed, only one in the group had ever seen a radio. Sam Lucas had a crystal set, which had a range of twenty miles. Sam had always been looked up to in spite of the fact that he made only fifteen per. Mr. A. L. Cohen had invited him to this exhibition for the sole purpose of putting him in his place.

Station KPDQ, of Auburn, came on at 7.15. Mr. Cohen turned the rheostat at each tube, and by looking through the peep holes provided for the purpose, he could see that the rheostats caused the filaments to become of just the right color.

A series of dots and dashes came through the horn. The code was barely distinguishable. As Abraham listened, a knowing look spread over his face. He turned the dials and then turned to the group.

"Tha's jus' a ship in Africa signalin' New York. I'd tell you what it it only it is prohibited to relate any conversation heard over the radio."

The look of awe on the faces about him increased. But Sam understood the code.

By this time, however, the dials had been turned to the approximate location of KPDQ. Then came the voice of the announcer. It nearly blew the hair off the heads of the audience. His voice was understandable at a distance of eight feet!

Mr. Abraham L. Cohen smiled and nodded at his audience as if to say, "What a wonderful man I am! Only one person could be responsible for such a performance, namely, Mr. Abraham Lincoln Cohen." What if KPDQ was but two miles away? The music must be pretty soft. Anyway, he had received Africa. (He was almost beginning to think so himself.)

Chewing-gum and peanuts were passed and soon the evening was passed also. Time for leaving arrived. Mr. Cohen received the congratulations of his friends.

Mr. Cohen's way of receiving compliments was to enlarge upon them.

"Cose when I gets the set adjusted it'll be lots better. The tickler ain't workin' good and it sounds scratchy. 'Sides that, the grid's leaking and you can smell the ether waves. The condensers ain't condensin' and when I gets that choke coil ta stranglin', Africa won't be nothing."

With one exception a display of such knowledge struck the assembly dumb. Sam knew different and thought to humble the booster. He was grateful, however, for being able to hear that code.

"How'd you like the radio, Sam?" he was asked.

"Tain't nothin'," he answered. "I can build one twice as good."

Mr. G. W. Kincaid heard him. Abraham Cohen was his rival. If Abraham could have a radio, so could Mr. George Washington Kincaid.

"How much will you charge to build a set guaranteed to beat Mr. Cohen's?" he asked.

"Aw, only about ten dollars, if you pay for parts," Sam answered.

"Start tomorrow, then," George ordered, "and do it as quickly as possible."

Sam made a list of parts and started working the next evening. Ten dollars meant a tube and a transformer so that Sam could make a real tube set.

Sam, himself, told Abraham Cohen of the contest. It was noised about "Bum-minham", and some proposed using a theatre for the contest. Mr. Cohen's plan to humble Sam might back fire. His refusal to allow Sam to erect another antenna so that Sam could compare the sets showed that he was nervous. He claimed that a good radio expert did not need to use a crystal set to adjust his coils. He even ordered the other antenna dismantled.

Sam immediately looked for another landlord. He became a man seeking revenge rather than a mercenary set-builder.

The day of the contest arrived. Mr. Cohen swaggeringly claimed the rival set had no chance. It did not fit in so expensive or beautiful a cabinet as Mr. Cohen's.

Bets were made. It looked as though the amount of money that would pass would be greater than that ever figured at

*Continued on page 33*



Cast of "The Whole Town's Talking"

#### ALUMNI NOTES

- '19 The marriage of Ruth Kierstead and Donald Hoyt McPhelamy, both of Abington, was recently announced.
- '19 Members of this class were shocked to hear of the sudden death of Frederick Wallace. Our sympathy is extended to his wife and family.
- '22 John Litchfield has returned to his home after a recent operation for appendicitis at the Weymouth Hospital.
- '22 The engagement has been announced of Emma Thompson, of this class, and John White, of the class of '23.
- '25 Madelon Burbeck has been chosen as the cleverest girl in the graduate class at Boston University.
- '25 Frederick Phillips was married April 28th to Miss Dorothy Johnson, of Nova Scotia. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips will make their home in Weymouth, Mass.
- '25 Katherine Packard has accepted a position to teach, for the coming year, in the Haverhill Schools.
- '26 John Bowker has completed his course of studies at Colgate University.
- '27 We were delighted to have a call from Wendell Cushing who has recently returned from a trip to South America.
- '27 Sidney Gates has left on a southern cruise on the Nautical training ship Nantucket.
- '27 We were also delighted to have another call from Willard Johnson.
- '28 Robert (Micky) McDermott, freshman at Middlebury, is the only one of his class to be a member of the Varsity Baseball Team.
- '28 Myrtle Gould is reported to be improving at the Weymouth Hospital after an operation for appendicitis. Miss Anna M. Tolman has returned to her home in Hanover after spending the winter in Nashville, Tennessee.



## THE SWAN SONG

Geraldine Sweeney, '29



**I**T must have been about midnight. Jean Blackwell shivered as she looked around the bare room in which she was sitting. How cold it was! She stretched her long thin hands over the stove. But she felt no warmth against her palms, for the fire was almost out.

From across the room there came a slight movement and then, "Jean," a voice said.

The young girl went quickly across the room and knelt beside a small cot in which a child was lying.

"Yes, dear," said Jean softly. "What is it you want? Do you feel worse?"

"Oh, no," the child answered, "but I'm cold."

Without speaking, Jean took off the sweater which she wore and put it over the child. "Are you all right now?" she asked.

"Yes," answered the child, "but aren't you cold, Jean? This is the coldest night that we have ever had here."

"I'm all right, dear," said Jean. "Now see if you can go to sleep. You won't mind the cold then."

"I'll try," the child answered, "but on cold nights like this my legs ache so."

With a stifled sob Jean gathered the child in her arms. Marion never complained, but Jean knew that she sometimes suffered intense pain. Oh, if God would spare her little sister this winter, and give her, Jean, strength to see it through. Gently the girl placed the child back in her cot and tucked the clothes securely around her.

Jean sat by the small table in the center of the room. The wind howled as it swept through the trees, making her shiver as she felt the draft of the cold come through the window. The light flickered. It was going out, and she had not kerosene with which to fill it. She tried to rouse herself, but she could not. She sat as if in a trance, unable to move under the heavy depression that was steadily weighing her down. Memories of the past came crowding into her mind, events which had long ago happened were enacted before her eyes. She had not the strength to dispel the memories or resist the scenes.

It was tea time at "Oakwood", the home of Sir David Blackwell, a successful author. The radio was turned on, and young couples with hearts as light as their feet were dancing. The tea was more than successful this afternoon for it was in part, a celebration. Jean Blackwell had had her first poem published. When the merriment was at its height the door was abruptly opened. There on the threshold—Jean could never forget it—stood a policeman with the form of her mother in his arms. She had been struck by an automobile while crossing the street in front of the house. . .

Then the scene changed. It was six months later—at the seashore. Sir David had declined rapidly in health and had a stroke, caused, the doctors said, by sitting on the beach. A week later he joined Jean's mother. Jean and her crippled sister were left alone, and penniless! Where the money had gone she did not know. Of late her father had been very much disturbed over something. Evidently it was money. The beautiful house had to be given up, and Jean had to go to work. But where? For a few weeks she and her little sister Marion occupied a small room in a cheap boarding-house while she had attempted to get work. After three weeks of going from place to place and receiving vague promises, she finally secured a position in a department store. At least she had started on the road to better days. Then Marion was taken ill. The doctor told her that her little sister must be taken out of the city immediately. The doctor, an old friend of the family, hired a little bungalow for her away out in the country. The few dollars that remained from her father's estate would pay the rent for a few weeks. Meanwhile she'd try her hand at writing. But even though her father was a famous writer, editors did not care for the work of Jean. Her work, they said, lacked feeling. Of course, her manuscript had to be typewritten, but she managed this difficulty by working two days every week in the village helping a woman do washing and ironing. In addition to a small salary she was given the use of the daughter's typewriter. The summer and fall passed quickly and uneventfully. Winter set in and with it the cold east wind. Unable to buy coal to heat the little

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### THE VALUE OF DOING THE DAILY ASSIGNMENTS

We have, everyone of us, either on one day or another become careless about our studying. We think that it will be just our luck not to be called on, and when we hear our name, we "beat around the bush" while our minds go wild trying to think of the right answer. The remedy for this disease is the faithful preparation of our daily assignments.

We have a habit of putting off preparing the written lessons, especially the compositions. We all know that written assignments require the most time and thought, but do we use time and thought? We keep repeating, "There's plenty of time; I'll write it later;" until it becomes, "Oh, I don't care." A deficiency is better than writing this."

Let us all adopt the following plan. Do the home work in the afternoon instead of waiting until evening when brothers and sisters are at home and when we would rather go to some place of amusement or stay at home and spend a pleasant evening conversing with our parents.

H. L., '31.

### THE VALUE OF THE CLASSICAL COURSE

The boy or girl who takes the Classical Course in high school and makes a success of it is well fitted to begin work in college, where he will find the work vastly different from that in high school. The Classical Course, if pursued with the right spirit, teaches one to concentrate on studies.

Latin, the principal subject in this course, aids a person in many ways. Many words in English are derived from Latin and a person who has a knowledge of Latin can usually determine the meaning of a word without consulting a dictionary. Then again since nearly all authors employ many foreign phrases in their

writings, the reader who has a knowledge of Latin and French will be able to grasp a clearer meaning than he could possibly gain without such knowledge.

If the plan to enter college fails, a Classical student may enter a business school for two years and, with the Classical Course as a background, he may easily become a successful business man or woman.

H. W., '31.

### WHY NOT A DRAMATIC CLUB?

Why not give people an opportunity to see plays right here in A. H. S? A Dramatic Club would be the very thing. Work with dramatics would help you as much as some of your regular subjects. Memorizing helps to train one's mind and a great deal of memorizing is required. Doing this continually will make memorizing in other subjects easier. Dramatics also train one to act gracefully,—to acquire that necessary asset,—poise. Not only does dramatic training do these things, but it provides fun for those who take part as well as for those who look on. Think of the fun at rehearsals!

You say that this would take a lot of extra time? Perhaps so, but think of the time you spend with athletics and singing. Could you not find some time for dramatics? Of course you could.

D. S., '31.

Miss Chadbourne: What does the term *liver and lights* mean?

E. Bailey (who has had a sudden inspiration): Board and room.

Miss Crooker: Why does Australia as a whole have a very low rainfall?

Miss Ware: Because it is near the east coast.



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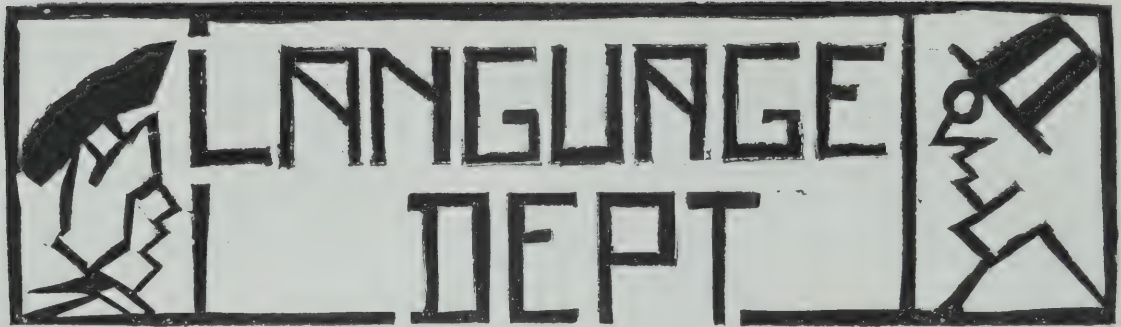
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### LA FÊTE DE JEANNE D'ARC

(Résumé d'un article publié dans Le Petit Journal)

Pour célébrer le 500<sup>e</sup> anniversaire de la mission de Jeanne d'Arc on a commencé en France des cérémonies qui s'étendront sur une période de deux années. Ces cérémonies auront lieu à Vaucouleurs, à Rouen, à Reims et à Orléans.

En France la fête de Jeanne d'Arc est maintenant officielle. La célébration de cette fête est fixée au deuxième dimanche de mai de chaque année.

À Paris cette année on a rendu un hommage touchant à l'héroïne nationale. On a fait des pèlerinages aux statues de Jeanne d'Arc pour y placer des gerbes de fleurs.

À Toulon, le port naval, où se trouve l'École des Marins Radiotélégraphistes, une fête solennelle a été instituée. Jeanne d'Arc est la patronne de cette école et il est juste qu'on la choisisse puisqu'elle entendait des voix mystérieuses en l'air il y a des centaines d'années.

L'Administration des Postes a mis en vente un timbre qui commémore le cinquantième centenaire de la délivrance d'Orléans.

Jeanne d'Arc sera toujours aimée par la France. Elle l'a délivrée de l'invasion des Anglais. Elle l'a guidée par sa bravoure. C'est avec elle que le sentiment national est né. C'est elle qui a su faire les premiers soldats français.

En 1920 elle était canonisée par l'Église, ce qui veut dire qu'elle était mise au rang des saintes. C'était le pape Benoît XV qui lui a donné ce tribut si digne de son noble caractère.

*I. Maki, '29.*

### LES PETITS ACTES

La vie est comme une toile sur le cadre du caractère, soutenue par le chevalet du temps. Nous sommes les artistes. L'âme est la palette où nous mélangeons nos couleurs qui sont nos pensées. Nos mots

et nos actions sont les pinceaux avec lesquels nous peignons.

Les petits mots de la bonté, les petits actes du sacrifice sont les petits touchers qui aident tant à faire notre peinture de la vie très belle et agréable aux yeux du Grand Maître devant Qui elle doit être dévoilée.

*M. Gervais, '29.*

Un homme très excité se précipite dans un magasin. L'employé demande:

—Voulez-vous quelque chose, monsieur?

—Oui, dit l'homme, j'ai perdu ma femme!

—Les vêtements de deuil au deuxième étage.

*R. Newberg, '30.*

Un maître d'école a demandé à un de ses petits élèves:

—Qu'est-ce qu'un pèlerin?

Le garçon avait l'air fort embarrassé, mais enfin il a répondu:

—Monsieur, un pèlerin est un homme.

—C'est une réponse très incomplète, dit le maître. Je suis un homme, mais me prendriez-vous pour un pèlerin?

—Oh non, monsieur, dit le garçon confusé, un pèlerin est un homme bon.

*G. Johnson, '30.*

### N'EST-CE PAS?

Un petit garçon marchait dans la rue un jour quand il a vu dans une vitrine ce signe: "Des Bonbons—5 Morceaux—4 Sous."

Pendant qu'il y restait, il se pensait:—"cinq morceaux—quatre sous, quatre morceaux—trois sous, trois morceaux—deux sous, deux morceaux—un sou, un morceau—rien."

Entrant dans la boutique il a cherché l'employé. Il lui a répété ses calculs et a demandé son morceau—libre, mais l'employé ne pouvait pas comprendre son raisonnement, à ce qu'il paraît.

*W. Robbins, '30.*



## MAL AUX OREILLES

Un petit garçon est allé consulter un docteur parce qu'il avait une sensation pénible aux oreilles. Le docteur les a examinées et a découvert que les oreilles étaient pleines d'eau.

"Quelle est la cause de cela?" demanda le docteur. "As-tu nagé?"

"Non, monsieur," répondit le petit. "Je mangeais des melons d'eau."

*D. Robbins, '30.*

The first two translations are from Virgil's Aeneid. There is a special interest in the works of Virgil, as we approach the Bimillennium of his birth, which comes in 1930. Tennyson refers to Virgil as the "Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man."

## LAOCOÖN'S WARNING

(A translation from the Aeneid Bk. II, lines 40-49)

First before all and with a great crowd following, Laocoön eagerly rushed down from the lofty citadel and at a distance cried: "Oh wretched citizens, what great madness is this? Do you think that the enemy has sailed away or that any gift of the Greeks is free from treachery? Was Ulysses noted for this? Either the Greeks are hiding enclosed in this structure or this machine has been made to spy on our homes and to come down on our city from above or some trick lies hidden. Do not trust in the horse, Oh Trojans. Whatever it is, I fear the Greeks even when they bring gifts.

*Charles Gorman.*

## TROY FALLS LIKE A MOUNTAIN-ASH

(A translation of the Aeneid Bk. II, lines 624-633)

Then indeed all Troy seemed to fall into fire and Neptunian Troy was turned from its very depth, even as when, on mountain-tops, an ancient ash-tree, which has been hacked by many a blow of iron axes, the woodsman earnestly tries to overturn, and it ever threatens to fall. With trembling foliage, when the mountain-top is shaken, it totters, overcome by its wounds, little by little, until it gives one last groan. Uptorn from the ridges it falls into ruin. I descend and under the leadership of the god I make my way through flame and foe. The weapons give way and the flames recede.

*Margaret T. Gervais.*

## CICERO'S TRIBUTE TO ARCHIAS

(In which Cicero, the lawyer, pleads a case for his former teacher. In this speech, he gives one of the finest eulogies of learning and education, which we have in any tongue.)

"If there is any innate ability in me, gentlemen of the jury, and I know it to be rather meagre, or if there is any practice in speaking, in which I do not deny that I have spent much time, or if there is any theoretical knowledge as a result of the study of liberal arts and of training to which I do not confess myself to have been averse at any time of my life, then especially, this man, Aulus Licinius ought to reap the harvest of all this from me with perfect right. For as far as my memory is able to look back in former times and to record the most distant memories of boyhood, even to that point I recall to mind and see this man standing as an instigator for entering upon and undertaking this plan of study. Because if my voice, trained by his admonition and direction, has been a safeguard to some men at some time or other, and it is from him that I received this gift, by which I was able to save some and help others, I certainly then ought to bring him support and safety, as much as I have to give.

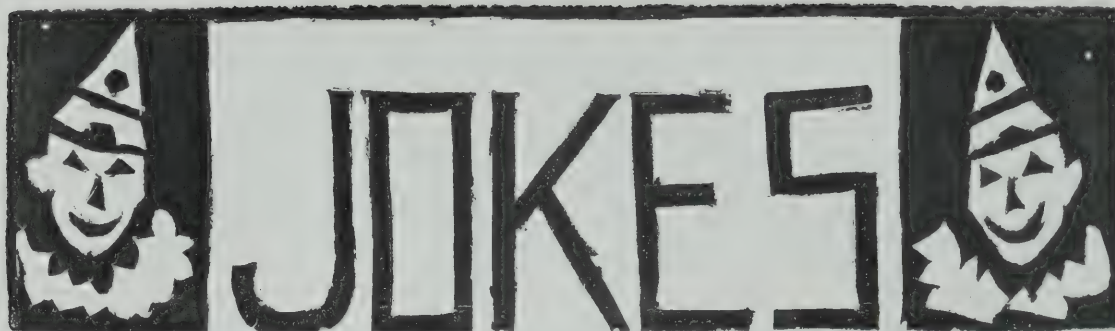
*Louise Whiting.*

The following translation is from Julius Caesar's story of his expedition into Britain in 54 B. C. This is the earliest history ever written about the British people. The first translation refers to the landing on the British coast, after a perilous journey across the English channel, and the second tells of the ingenious method of fighting used by the Britons.

## The Valor of a Roman Standard Bearer

Our men hesitated, especially because of the depth of the sea, and a man who carried the eagle of the tenth legion implored the gods that this event should turn out successfully for the legion. He cried, "Leap down, fellow soldiers, unless you wish to give up the eagle to the enemy; but I, at least, will perform my duty to the state and to my general." He said this with great feeling and, after leaping down from the ship, started to carry the eagle against the enemy. Then our men, urging one another lest so great a disgrace should be allowed, all jumped from the ship. When the men on the neighboring ships saw this, they followed and drew near the enemy.

*Bertha Gardiner.*



Mr. Morey: Dillon, what did the people do after King Louis XIV died?

Dillion: They buried him.

### Applied Figure of Speech

Miss Doyle: Who is that talking in the back of the room?

De Cicco: I was.

Miss Doyle: Well, stay at one for me.

DeCicco (who has just been in freshman English): O gee, that's only Irony.

### The Value of Contrast

Did you ever notice that Mr. Loud never parks his car beside Coach McGuinness' new Ford? He always pulls it up beside Mac's flivver.

### Young and Innocent

Mr. Loud to Miss Fitzgerald (History Class): If you went to the Primaries how would you vote?

Eleanor Fitzgerald: I wouldn't.

Mr. Loud: Why not?

Eleanor Fitzgerald: Because I'm not twenty-one.

'29.

### Call the Doctor

Mr. Loud to History Class: What did you do for history today?

(Silence).

Mr. Loud: Do you ever do any work?

(More silence).

Mr. Loud: Oh, ya make me sick!

'29.

### Monkey Business

Miss Gomley: Well, MacDonald, I don't think I will meet you in heaven.

MacDonald: Why Miss Gomley, what have you been doing now?

'29.

### Coming or Going

Miss Gomley: Milewski, come in out of that window!

Clarice G.: Oh, he's already out.

'29.

### A SENIOR'S LAMENT

I've always valued school days lightly,  
I've never studied hard;  
My papers all have been unsightly,  
Red "E's" adorned my card.

Across the room I'd throw the chalk,  
(No teacher was around.)  
In every study-hall I'd talk,  
And stay at noon—I've found.

I'd fool and laugh 'til I was caught—  
I never seemed to tire—  
And though the teachers I have fought,  
Results for me were dire.

I've failed in almost every test,  
I've broken every rule;  
Today I wish I'd made the best,  
Of my four years at school.

And now that I am soon to leave  
This dear old A. H. S.,  
That golden chance I would retrieve;  
I'm just ashamed, I guess.

*Muguet Russell, '32.*

### Doing Nothing

Augusta D.: Listen, Madeline, will you do me a favor?

Madeline C.: Depends on what it is.

Augusta D.: Go to the Abington public library and see if Eddie Bok is there. Tell me in the morning.

Madeline C.: Nothing doing! You're capable of chasing your own men.

Mr. MacPherson (in Period 2, Geom. Class): Phillips—What are the complementary angles?

C. Phillips: Complementary angles are angles equal to  $180^\circ$ .

Mr. MacPherson: Then one complementary angle would equal how much?

C. Phillips:  $90^\circ$ .

Mr. MacPherson: What is it then that equals  $90^\circ$ ?

C. Phillips: One complementary angle.



**SENIOR STATISTICS**

Noisiest—Geraldyn Sweeney  
 Worst French Pupil—Margaret Gervais  
 Least Talkative—MacDonald  
 Most Vivid—Nellie Wesser  
 Darkest—Alfred Wright  
 Fattest—Joseph Pieckowski  
 Careless—Gertrude Clark  
 Man Crazy—Beatrice Blanchard  
 Shortest—Arthur Cederholm  
 Woman Hater—Alphonse Tribou  
 Enemies—Phyllis Woodbury and Helen Gallagher  
 Early Bird—Leroy Russell  
 Timidest—Katie Patkowski  
 More Enemies—Eleanor Blake and Alice Brenner  
 Most Studious—Joseph Belcher  
 A Bold Bad Man—Franklin Blanchard  
 Least Friendly—Helen Richardson  
 Meekest—Doris Hickey  
 Worst Typist—Doris Lynde  
 Quietest—Eva Davis  
 Least Musical—Barbara Packard  
 Dumbest—Irene Maki  
 Another Dumbell—Stefania Jurgielewicz  
 Sweetest—Thomas Latham  
 So Petite—V. Tateosian  
 Speediest—Beatrice Bailey  
 Our Shiek—Walter Milewski  
 Most Athletic—Milton Colclough  
 Fairest—Virginia Colton  
 Our Perfect Gentleman—Frank Pieckowski.  
 Man Hater—Evelyn Davis.  
 Least Obedient—Waitstill Freeman  
 Bravest—John Dombrowski  
 Most Sober—Clarice Crossman  
 C. C., '29.

**SONG HITS**

I'll Get By—Seniors in General  
 Do, Do Something—So the teachers tell us  
 Once In A Lifetime—We go to Abington High School  
 I Faw Down and Go Boom—Our Marks  
 The Three Muskateers—Milewski, Dombrowski, Blanchard  
 Honey—Miss Crooker  
 Don't Be Like That—Miss Doyle  
 Get Yourself a Sweetie—Mr. Loud  
 Volga Boatman—Mr. Morey  
 Sweetheart of All My Dreams—Mr. MacPherson  
 My Mother's Eyes—Miss Chadbourne  
 Girl of My Dreams—Miss Gorman  
 She's Wonderful—Miss Gomley  
 That's How I Feel About You—Miss Wood  
 Making Whoopee—Gert, Clarice, Kate, Doris

I'm Wild About Horns That Go, Ta Ta Ta  
 Ta—Mac's Ford  
 I Must Have That Man—The Girls  
 If I Had You—"A"  
 Thirsty For Kisses and Hungry For Love—Katie  
 I Wanna Be Bad—Milton Colclough  
 Good Little, Bad Little You—Waitstill Freeman  
 My Suppressed Desire—To graduate  
 Sonny Boy—Alfred Wright  
 That's My Weakness Now—Franklin Blanchard  
 I Wanna Go Where You Go—Tommie Latham  
 Where Did You Get Those Eyes—Eva Davis  
 That Certain Party—Walter Melewski  
 I Can't Give You Anything But Love—Beatrice Blanchard  
 Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue—Doris Lynde  
 She's A Sweetheart of Six Other Guys—Gertrude Clark  
 Melancholy Baby—Nellie Wessa  
 Laugh Clown, Laugh—Clarice Crossman  
 That's What I Call A Pal—Phyllis Woodbury  
 She's A Great, Great Girl—Doris Hickey  
 Bells of St. Mary—Eight o'clock and one o'clock  
 Some Sweet Day—We graduate—maybe  
 You Wouldn't Fool Me Would Ya?—Mr. Cole  
 Good News—No deficiencies  
 So Blue—Frank Pieckowski  
 It All Depends on You—Teachers' Byword  
 Remember—A. H. S.  
 I Want To Be Loved By You—Helen Richardson.  
 After My Laughter Came Tears—Short-hand Contest  
 My Sunday Girl—Evelyn Davis  
 It's All In Fun—The above article  
 C. C., '29.

**TRACK**

Track has been made one of Abington's major sports. It now holds, or attempts to hold, the same position as football, baseball and basketball. Letters are to be awarded to all the members who place often enough in the different meets to secure five points.

A track team has been formed by the girls, under the direction of Miss Everett. The members of the team practice on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. This is something new and we hope it will become an established sport.

## FINNVILLE

*Continued from page 15*

I cannot exactly remember what it was all about, but I recall that it was a perfect flop in every way. At this time, we had a club. The dues were ten cents a month. Once when the treasurer's money was counted, it was found to be short. Immediately the club was dissolved by the consent of all.

Also, in the early summers, we used to go strawberry picking at Mr. Ellershaw's on Groveland street. As it is quite a distance from our homes, Mr. Ellershaw used to come after us and bring us home. The ride home was a great relief after being in the hot sun all day. None of us would have had to pick, but we thought it was fun to earn a little money ourselves. Early Saturday morning, we used to hurry and scurry because we feared that Mr. Ellershaw might not wait for us. He never did though as far as I can remember.

Just as it was getting dark, we sometimes used to get some white cloth and put it on the end of a large pole, and go to Mayflower street to catch bats. However, I do not recall ever catching one.

Furthermore, we went blue-berrying. Some days were fruitful and we got twelve or more quarts. Sometimes we didn't even get a quart. If our mothers did not want our berries, we used to sell them. There were many people nearby who were very glad to buy our berries. Not only did we sell berries, but during Christmas we gathered evergreens, made wreaths, and sold them.

When fourth of July came along, we had about every kind of fire-cracker made. A favorite of the boys was the carbide can. They had a large milk can, filled it with moistened carbide, and set a match to a hole made in the bottom. The cover would blow off and make a deafening noise. We have always been fortunate on this day because on Plymouth street, just before one turns on Pilgrim street, coming from North Abington way, lives a boy who works in a fireworks factory. Each year he gets a great variety of fireworks and we gather at his home to see them go off. Often a bonfire is made on the land between the Makis' and the Mehtalas'.

The winter, besides being trying because of the necessity of tramping through the deep snow, was frequently a

source of profit to the boys. Many of the autos that came on Pilgrim street and Bradford street got stuck. Therefore, the boys earned some money helping to pull these autos out. As Pilgrim street is a side street, it is one of the last to be cleared from snow. During the winter, skating was enjoyed on a little patch of ice in the woods behind Jarvinen's house.

As soon as some of the children went to high school, they began to act more grown-up, and consequently, deserted us in our games. Our number diminished very fast until now, all are or have graduated, and therefore cannot run around as they used to because they have work to attend to.

Other changes, too, have come to Finnville. In 1927, Mr. Leaf with his family moved away, and Mr. Pohjola, bought the house. The Wuotilas have gone to Finland to visit, and their house is now occupied by an Englishman and his family. But the Phillips and the Pohjolas, both Finnish by the way, have started again the cycle of little children in Finnville. Often we have heard people exclaim, "How the children of Finnville grow, and how healthy they are!" We can credit this to the freedom of our life there. Our parents, who have had to struggle hard in their lives, do not wish us to do so. We are out in the country, free from smoky atmosphere and traffic, we run around barefooted, eat heartily, and do not have to overwork, though we lend a helping hand to father and mother when they need us. And so, if Finnville progresses as it has done in the last eighteen years, some day a traffic officer may be needed in the middle of Bradford street. Who can tell?

---

### Let's Be Fair

Mr. Cole: Are you going to keep your pictures, Johnson?

Paul: No.

Mr. Cole: Oh, that's right. You thought they weren't good enough? But what could you expect?

---

### Who's Scotch?

MacDonald (at lunch counter): A double decker, four sandwiches, five peanut cookies, and two chocolate cookies.

Colburn: Same here without the ice cream, sandwiches, and peanut cookies.





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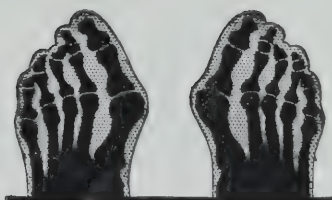
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## A MESSAGE FROM AFRICA

Continued from Page 19

any crap game. Finally, all was ready. Abraham Cohen tried his set first.

The music was exceptionally loud, too loud, in fact. The speaker would not take the volume. It rattled so that a rheostat in the set had to be turned. Nothing could be more perfect, it seemed.

Sam connected his set. Nothing happened. Only static came through. Music was there, but it was drowned by static. George Kincaid was about to commit murder on one Samuel Joseph Lucas.

Suddenly Sam understood. He rushed to the roof. There were two antennae. He pulled on one. It broke. Almost all the static disappeared. He followed the lead-in to a lighted window. He rushed down the stairs and to the room. He found a cowering negro operating a spark transmitter. Besides the spark transmitter was one using tubes. A phonograph stood in a corner.

"Of all the lousy pieces of tripe! I'm goin' to get Abie Cohen's liver and eat it," Sam yelled as he rushed to Mr. Cohen's flat.

The next events may be imagined. The transmission of phonograph records by the amateur who had been employed by Cohen and the static caused by the spark were explained. Abraham Cohen's reputation was ruined, also his good looks. Sam became a hero and Mr. George Kincaid rewarded him with a crisp twenty dollar bill. This meant little to him as he could afford to be generous, for wouldn't much of Mr. Cohen's business be transferred to him?

"Hot diggity dog," exclaimed Sam, as he fingered the bill, "this means a two-tuber at least. I'll git Australia yet."

"By the way, Sam, what gave you the idea of that circuit?" asked John Wilson, a white friend of Sam's.

"Oh, that code I heard at Cohen's was fum a 'ham' station and he was tellin' a friend of his. But you know, I'd tell you what it is only it is prohibited to relate any conversation heard over the radio.'"

## A Homely Touch

Al—Hello, my friend, how's your good wife this morning?

Pal—Quit your kidding. You know I have only one wife.

Pathfinder.

## THE SWAN SONG

Continued from Page 21

bungalow, Jean shut herself and Marion in one room heated by an oil-stove. Things had gone from bad to worse and now. . .

Oh, the light went out. With the darkness Jean was swept to reality. Soft, steady breathing came to her ears. Marion was asleep. Undressing quickly in the darkness, Jean crept into her cold bed.

It was during the night that Jean thought of a plan. That she and Marion could not endure this mode of living was clear. She would make one more attempt. A newspaper and magazine syndicate was offering two thousand dollars for the best short story submitted to them by its readers. This was worth trying for. But what would she do for a plot? Why not her own life? Surely that was colorful enough.

As she began writing the next morning she became more and more interested. Editors couldn't say that this would lack feeling. After three weeks of writing she submitted the story. With a sad little smile she had called it *The Swan Song*. It really was her swan song, her last attempt.

In the weeks that followed, Jean tried to keep up her spirits. Maybe the editors might notice her work even though she didn't win anything. Then, that day, the day when the winners were to be announced, Jean could not eat. She bought an early edition of the paper and nervously turned the pages. Dare she look. Then—no, it couldn't be! Yes, it was, her own face was smiling back at her from the page—a picture that had once appeared in the society column. Miss Jean Blackwell, daughter of the late Sir David, had been awarded the first prize. Oh, the joy of it! How bright everything looked! What a glorious old world this was after all!

She started home. Two thousand dollars; there was so much to be done now—more of that medicine for Marion,—milk, coal. Would the coal dealer deliver to-day—She'd better see him at once.

Motorist: "I killed your cat. I shall replace the animal."

Old Maid: "This is so sudden, but I'm afraid you can't catch mice."—Adapted.



### To All Our Exchanges:

So many have inquired why we do not group our advertisements at the beginning and end of our magazine that we wish to explain: *Our advertisers support our magazine and they prefer this arrangement.*

*The Holten*—Danvers, Mass.

Your literary department seems to be quite complete. We like especially your cover designs. Your exchange department was interesting. Do you ignore the Foreign Department of *The Abhis* when you say "Work done by five students"?

*Orange Peals*—Orange, Mass.

Cartoons are excellent, though you could improve your cuts. We read with great pleasure a most interesting article that should interest housewives. Have you had it patented yet?

*The Parrot*—Rockland, Mass.

You have a very small and incomplete magazine for such a lively town. Why not add to your Literary Department more poems and short stories? Why not add also an Exchange Department, some cartoons, and more editorials?

*Abe's Log*—Medford, Mass.

A good paper vying with the best senior papers! Your mottoes are appreciated for the fact that you have real poets. Why not put dates on your papers? We wish you success and compliment the boys who printed the paper.

*The Iroquois*—Glens Falls, New York.

Unusual excellence characterizes your magazine. Would you consider a Foreign Department an addition to your magazine? The letters from your alumni proved very interesting and in parts very humorous. Has *The Pedestrian* "got run" over yet?

*The Hermiad*—Hingham, Mass.

Your magazine would be more nearly complete if a table of contents were added. We congratulate Miss Calvi on winning a prize for writing a theme on the subject *Why Should I Vote*. Why not print her theme?

*Murdock Murmurs*—Winchendon, Mass.

We noticed with pleasure your motto on

the back of your paper, "We can congratulate ourselves upon our successes only when we have seen and rectified our faults". All your articles such as Literary, Joke and Editorials are complete. You have a wealth of literature.

*The Authentic*—Stoneham, Mass.

We greatly enjoyed your magazine especially the literary contributions, which are unusually good. Your cover designs are pleasing. Your Junior Roll Call is interesting and unique. Why not enlarge your print and use up the blank pages? We suggest a special department for your jokes instead of scattering them between the advertisements.

*The Clarion*—Arlington, Mass.

We like *The Diarist*. It is interesting and condenses many items into one. We suggest cuts and cover designs to improve your paper. Your poetry is so good that we should enjoy seeing more.

*The Rostrum*—Guilford, Maine.

May we take the liberty to make a few friendly suggestions concerning your magazine? We believe that volume and series numbers, a table of contents, more cuts, an enlargement of your Literary Department, the addition of a School News Department, and the use for some of these purposes of a part of the space now devoted to jokes would greatly improve your magazine. Why not keep exchanges and jokes separate; also print in italics all names of magazines in your Exchange Department? Your Alumni Department is good.

*The Tattle Tale*—Wareham, Mass.

We consider yours one of the best magazines we have received. Your literary contributions are especially good. *A-Hunting We Must Go* is hard to believe but well written. You should have more material from the authors of *Into the*



*Sunset, Concerning Diaries, and Smiles.* What cuts you have are good. Why not include more?

*The Red and Black*—Whitman, Mass.

Your school news are neatly arranged and the pictures prove a decided attraction. Your Letter-Box is good—it allows students freedom of thought and expression concerning things that interest them. We think, however, that you give too much space to jokes.

*The Quill*—Kingston, Mass.

Your cover is attractive. We would suggest that you encourage your young authors to produce better contributions. Some of your subjects seem too commonplace and your stories are lacking in sense appeals.

*Tauntonian*—Taunton, Mass.

Your paper is certainly a credit to your school. It affords students a chance for freedom of expression. News items appear before they are stale. We wish we might support as good a weekly.

*The Partridge*—Duxbury, Mass.

A good paper except that we should like to see more poems and short stories.

*The Clarion*—Jamaica Plain.

Excellent literary material, but why not print more poetry? A good Sports Department. Your cover design is excellent.

*The Pilgrim*—Plymouth, Mass.

Your Freshman Department is good. We like your short stories. Your cover design is excellent, but would not a different color combination prove more successful?

*The Periscope*—Bridgewater, Mass.

A well arranged and attractive paper! We think more editorials would make an improvement. Some of the space allotted to jokes might well be devoted to literary material. *God's Revenge* and *You* are especially good.

*Semaphore*—Stoughton, Mass.

Your editorials are good and indicate admirable courage on the part of the authors. Your Literary Department is good, not simply because it is of high literary value but because it represents a variety of student effort. More attention to plot and sense appeals would raised the quality of your stories. *Georgia's Roommate* and *College Life* are good. More good poems would add much to your Literary Department.

Mr. Frolio: If you had a fire and wanted it to burn better, what would you do, Joe?  
Joe Leach: I'd throw water on it.

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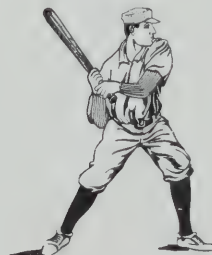
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